

PARTRIDGE AND BRITtan's SPIRiTUAL TELEGRAPH.

Original Communications.

THIRST FOR TRUTH.

Now, reason, bring thy glass,
Through which the book of nature I may seean,
And trace the aim and destiny of man:
I would know, but, alas!
Mine eye is dim;
Mine ear is deaf to nature's constant hymn.
For I have bowed to art,
As man should never bow to earthly shrine—
(Thereby forgetting that a link divine
Makes him of heaven a part.)
Till I am dull
To nature's truths, so deep and beautiful.
I grope as grope the blind,
After the things which I can faintly see,
Having an intense yearning to unseeal
The mysteries of mind;

'Twill nature teach,
Are these things within our mortal reach?
If I have "quenched the Spirit"
That in each bosom hath a holy place—
If I have groveled with earth's groveling race,
I know that I inherit
A wish to turn
From these false ways, and purer lessons learn.
Through life, thus far,
I have been leaning upon crumbling things,
And binding down my spirit's fluttering wings;
All heedless of the star
That would have been
A faithful guide, had I but looked within.
This thraldom must not be—
This blindly following after blinder guides;
Upon the truth that superstition hides,
Though a forbidden tree,
I fain would look,
And therefore will I go to Nature's open book.

HEED NOT THE SONG THAT HAUNTEETH THEE.

Supposed answer by the mother to "The Song that Haunteeth Me," which appeared in the SPIRiTUAL TELEGRAPH, June 2d, 1855, by Miss Bishop.

Oh! need not drearest daughter,
The song that haunteeth thee,
For angels come with numbers sweet,
And the interior sense greet,
With healing melody.

For health, and love are in the strain,
To soothe thy thoughts again to bliss,
To whisper we must part were pain,
And could they, dearest, come for this?
I've watched thee, dearest, year by year,
And many times the sigh
Of pleasure soft and low
Would o'er my wakful moments flow.

When lying by thy side,
The angel's song, a joyous note,
And cheering sound to glad life's way,
Which buoyant o'er the senses float—
Such, dearest, is an angel's lay.

I listen, dearest, and I hear
The song that haunteeth thee;
It tells that joy shall still be thine,
That truest joy, for which you pine,
Life yet hath sweets in store.

That pain and sickness soon shall fly.
And health once more embrace thy form,
Like the fair orient of the sky.
Blushing in beauty into morn.

NEW YORK, June 2d, 1855.

AN HYMN OF DEATH.

Death is the fading of a cloud,
The breaking of a chain;
The rending of a mortal shroud
We ne'er shall see again.

Death is the conqueror's welcome home,
The Heavenly City's door;
The entrance of the world to come—
'Tis life forever more.

Death is the mightier second birth,
The unvaluing of the soul;
'Tis freedom from the chains of earth,
The pilgrim's heavenly goal.

Death is the purer, nobler spring,
The second Eden's bloom;
The robe of bliss that angels bring,
Our victory o'er the tomb.

Death is the close of life's alarms,
The watch-light on the shore;
The clasping in immortal arms
Of loved ones gone before.

Death is the gaining of a crown
Where saints and angels meet;
The laying of our burden down
At the Deliverer's feet.

Death is a song from sraph lips,
The day-spring from on high;
The ending of the soul's eclipse,
Its transit to the sky.

T. L. H.

NOTE.—The reader will readily discover in the foregoing poem a resemblance in style to a beautiful hymn of Montgomery's, commencing with "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." I am not conscious of deriving any ideas from that exquisite lyric, but gladly acknowledge my obligation to it, as a form or measure, which has determined the external harmony of the present brief effusion.

CANCERS AND FITS.

"WHAT GOOD HAS SPIRiTUALISM DONE?"

BROS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITtan:

Rev. John Chambers, in a sermon against Spiritualism, asked the above question, and our opponents very often do the same, but, like the Rev. J. C. and most others, ask when and where no one is allowed to answer. For the good of suffering diseased humanity, I give the following case from Mr. S. B. Johnson of this city, whose card your readers will notice in another column. She is one of the best clairvoyants, and possessed of the greatest healing powers that I have ever met with in my experience. Several post mortem examinations have proved beyond a doubt the correctness of her diagnosis, as well as the wisdom of her prescriptions and general treatment, proof of which is to be seen in her great and unparalleled success in cancers, scrofulous sores, rupures, uterine, and other diseases set aside as "incurable" by those who prescribe "by authority" of the "sheepskin diplomatic" fraternity. Others more important than the cures I am now about to refer to will be forthcoming in order. But to the facts:

"It is to certify that some 40 years ago I had my skull broken in on the top of my head near the organ of hope, about the size of a silver dollar; have never had it 'trepanned,' and about one year ago the pressure of flesh over the brain caused 'epileptic fits,' as physicians called them. These 'occurred every two or three weeks, and often I had twenty-five during the attack, which kept me in a deranged state or twenty-four hours or more at a time. My ease was thought hopeless. I made my will, and expected soon to die. In January last, I called on Mrs. Johnson, who was a perfect stranger to me. She told me 'all that ever happened to me,' and cured me in two months. She has also cured my wife; since that time a cancer of six years' standing on her face and another on her abdomen, which was caused by a fall and rupture which destroyed her health otherwise, and confined her to the house for four years. We subscribe cheerfully to these statements for the benefit of the afflicted generally, and as a tribute of gratitude to Mrs. Johnson, who, under God, has lengthened out our lease of life on earth."

GEORGE CRIST. LYDIA CRIST.

C. H. DE WOLFE.

"THE CRISIS."

MR. BRITtan:

The above is the title of a small periodical, edited by Rev. Henry Weller, to which I have long wished to call the attention of Spiritualists, both on account of the independent stand it has taken, and the liberal views it maintains. The editor evidently has a word of his own to utter—a word that has been given him—so that his journal is not a mere echo of the voice of the Swedish sage. Devoted to the *Inner Life*, rather than to the doctrines of the new church, it ignores all external organizations assuming that name, except so far as they are inwardly conformed to the very spirit of the new heavens built up in the likeness of that celestial city whose foundations are as precious stones. Thus, in answer to an earnest inquiry concerning the propriety of becoming a member of a society or a church where subscription to a creed is required, which abridges individual freedom, the editor thus responds:

No society which abridges true individual freedom can be a true Church; nor can any subscription to any creed form a bond of membership. All societies thus formed are mere fictions—paper kites cut out to imitate a man, and let fly to attract the attention of the world. A real body has its members knit together by love which is life. A member belongs to a body only because, in that body, it finds its true life, and performs a corresponding function or use, by means of which it gives and receives a constant accession of life. We utterly ignore all mere external fixings-up—societies made to order, cut out by pattern, and measured by rules and lines of human demarcation; or rather, we regard them as the childish fictions of a by-gone age. We believe in a slow, gradual growth of societies, in an orderly way, from the internal to the external; and not first making the shell, and then fitting the oyster into it.

In an editorial article of May 1, headed "Spiritual Publications—What Spiritualism is doing for the New Church—Jesus and Samaritans," we find the following liberal and candid remarks, which contrast very strangely with the forcibly self-righteous *aloofness* and sneering allusions to "Pseudo-Spiritualism" of several of the New Church periodicals. He says:

We have certainly been wanting in common courtesy to our brethren of the Spiritualistic faith, in not noticing some works which have been sent us for review in the *Crisis*. Of these, Brittan's "Tables Turned," and Courtney's "Review of Dr. Dodd's Involuntary Theory," we attempted to write editorial notices; but it seemed so like "breaking a fly upon the wheel" to cut and mangle the shallow theories of those would-be philosophers who attempted to invalidate the reality of Spiritual intercourse, that the subject seemed to escape our grasp, from the very nothingness these able writers felt themselves called upon to combat.

We exchange with four of the Spiritual periodicals. The SPIRiTUAL TELEGRAPH, published at 300 Broadway, N. Y., is, we believe, the oldest, and never fails of having in each number some ably-written articles, independent of the general array of the facts of Spiritual manifestation. There is a cautious scrutiny also maintained in that periodical upon all alleged facts, that gives its records a reliability that is not shared by some of the more credulous and enthusiastic, its main tendencies being in the direction of the scientific philosophy of the movement.

In conclusion permit me to earnestly command the *Crisis* to liberal Spiritualists who would be ignorant of none of the varied phases of modern developments. It is published at La Porte, Ia., semi-monthly, at one dollar per annum, in advance.

"Mother, don't you see those dreadful animals all about me with faces like men? They want to trouble me, but they can't come near enough, for there are beautiful children, ah! so beautiful, all in light, close to me, that only raise their hands and then the dreadful animals go away. The angels will take care of me, mother, and the others dare not touch me."

But more remarkable perhaps than all was a dream he had a year and a half since, of being in heaven, in a beautiful garden filled with fruits and flowers, playing with joyous children who were so kind and gentle that he felt at home among them; but the thought came that he must return to earth, and it made him sorrowful, when a sweet little girl whom he tenderly loved, threw her arms about him and kissing him, told him to be happy; he would not have to stay long away from them, for in his ninth year he would come to dwell with them forever, and never more leave the beautiful heaven-world.

Ever after he spoke of the little dream-maiden as *his own*, and always insisted if he lived to manhood, which he felt he should not, he would never marry, for he knew his little twin-Spirit was in heaven, and no other could he love; and this he would say in his most Spiritual moments, in all the calm confidence of mature thought.

This little maiden seemed ever present to his Spirit-vision, prompting him to be pure and sinless. When he prayed he breathed a prayer for her, and he would say he tried to be good that she might not be pained!

In the deepening twilight he would always seat himself in his little arm-chair and beg for a bible story, and as he listened, even if the same had been repeated many times before, the interest seemed to deepen, and his beautiful eye would dilate and beam with a soft intense fire, each vein and artery of the delicate body throbbing with emotion, until he could no longer retain his seat. Slowly and gradually he would rise and steal noiselessly close beside the narrator, gazing in breathless eagerness for each word; often have I looked with wondering admiration upon this beautiful child, in these moments, and felt he would not long be held to earth. Matured in all things save the frail body, he was ever a living book to read new beauties in. Ever fresh and varying were the phases of life he presented, for in all things he was *himself*; borrowed from no one, living his own life of perfect harmony, sweetly singing the notes of heaven amid all the discord, and upon many a heart those sweet notes stole who will find them echoing still in far-off years.

It must not be inferred from the extracts we have given, that this journal is mainly devoted to a record of Spiritual phenomena; these rather come in as beautiful episodes to its more grave discussions.

There is now nearly completed in its columns, and soon to be issued in book-form, an earnest and original work, entitled "The Conflict of the Ages Ended," being a "Succedaneum" to Beecher's remarkable work, on which we proposed to say a few words; but as we have already extended this article beyond the designed limits, we must defer them till the work assumes its more permanent form.

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F.RATER.

* Our correspondent perhaps should have stated more distinctly that this boy actually died in his ninth year, as predicted by his little spirit-mate.—Ed.

FROM CANADA WEST.

LONDON, C. W., June 1, 1855.

S. B. BRITtan, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Departed the rudimental form, at noon, on the 17th ult., at 29 Westminster-street, near London, C. W., JESSIE HELENE GUNN, infant daughter of Marcus Gunn, (late editor and proprietor of *St. Thomas Observer*, etc., etc.), aged one year, ten months and seven days.

In the evening, as the coffin was brought into the chamber where the body lay, a young lady in the house, who is a medium, her hand became suddenly occupied, and perceiving it to be by the Spirit of a member of the family, in the spiritual state, we sat at the stand, when one D. M. Gunn announced his presence to introduce the Spirit of his baby sister; and on resigning possession of the medium's hand, it became occupied by his intelligent little sister, whose transition from this life was so recent as a few hours. By the medium's hand she embraced her mother's breast, indicating intense affection, as also towards her sister Isabella, etc. After that, she directed the passive hand of the medium into the coffin, and then raised and flourished it above the medium's head, to signify that she was not to lie in the coffin, but was going upward to God throughout all future duration. This baby's management of the medium's hand was different from that of her brother—evidently a novitiate.

It is wonderful that humanity beyond the limits of this life indicates the acute faculty of tracing the chain of causes and effects, projected into the future to a considerable extent. In the above case, D. M. Gunn, while communicating with me on Sunday morning, the 25th March last, spelt out for me: "Dear Father, a coffin will be needed in your house, soon; but he of good cheer." This was given by the child's mother, who is a medium; but on my seeing the word "coffin," I suppressed it to prevent any disturbance of her feelings. Being somewhat conversant with the doctrines of chemical and mechanical forces, I paid no serious attention to the motions of tables, etc., ascribed to Spirits, supposing the alleged phenomena to be some ridiculous humbug; but a friend showing me a copy of your paper, and inviting me to attend a Circle on Sunday evening of January 1854, I became convinced by the blessings of a dialogue which I obtained with my beloved D. M. and James C. Gunn, who amply convinced me of their presence and ineffable felicity, by every test I could imagine; and afterward, from March to July, I had daily intercourse with them, at an appointed hour, the result of which I have recorded, the whole occupying upward of one hundred and fifty pages of letter-paper. On request they would go off and bring other known persons, in the Spirit-world, to converse with me; as also to Providence, R. I., and inform me, within a minute, how their sisters were, and what doing—circumstances afterwards verified by letters from the parties concerned.

Yours respectfully, MARCUS GUNN.

* Death is now tangibly abolished, and life and immortality are fully brought to light. Why not, then, disuse the black symbols of death and mourning?

MEDIUMSHIP, NOLENS VOLENS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPIRiTUAL TELEGRAPH:

Dear Sir and Brother—Although a stranger to you and most of your readers, I venture to pen a few lines for insertion in your paper, if thought worthy a place in its columns. Permit me, then, to say that I am not altogether a stranger to the many strange things of this era, having been more or less acquainted with much of its phenomena for the last four years. It is now about that period since I professed faith in the doctrine that Spirits can and do hold intercourse with matter.

It was not mine to profess and cherish this then to me most precious faith, except for a short time, without literally failing a martyr to its profession! I was then regarded by some as a medium; and thus I verily believed myself to be, as I exhibited the various phenomena common to, I was about to say, that unfortunate class. But of that time, and its consequent results, I wish not to speak further than to say, that till that period I had never known sorrow and suffering in comparison to what I then was, most strangely indeed, compelled to endure.

The writer of these lines was then acting in the capacity of a gospel minister, and for nearly two years past such has been his calling and occupation. But it is proper here to say, that although I have acted in that capacity for nearly half the time since, yet during that period I have at times been forcibly reminded, that of myself I had not power to control what claimed to be foreign Spirit-influence on the human system. But as my friends regarded it as disease of a nervous though strange character, I have done what I could to keep the unseen working from public view, and to be as my fellows around me. I succeeded in this until the middle of last autumn, when I had to pass another ordeal, which was painful indeed.

About two years since, when very ill, and as we supposed dying, he roused to say he saw around him a band of angels, mostly beautiful children, who loved him and looked happy, and smiled upon him because he was going to them. During his illness they remained consciously with him, but he grieved to have them recede as they did when he recovered.

Always held to earth by a frail cord, and suffering from his birth from constitutional difficulty, yet it never clouded the serene beauty of his life, but undoubtedly had the effect to open his inner life in a marked manner.

As pure and holy as his spirit was, yet at times he was annoyed by dark forms of evil seen about him. At one time he roused his mother from sleep by sliding his tiny hand into hers, and saying at the time,

lines, was a painful one indeed. I felt that in the estimation of many at least, I had again fallen a victim to a strange disease. But that strange power did not release its hold until it had acted in several places in the capacity of a Spirit-medium, being, so far as I know, regarded as an undoubted one of that class.

A few weeks past, of which I am now about to speak, I have not even made the attempt to speak again in public. But on the first Sabbath in the present month, I again made the attempt and succeeded. The following Sabbath I attempted to speak again, and now, reader, listen to the result! My mouth was again closed, and not opened until I was thrown into the same state as mentioned before, and then there was I compelled to deliver an address to the audience, professing to come from the spheres.

I had another appointment at another place for the following Sabbath, but it is now withdrawn, and I here freely, in this public manner, confess that I have no desire to make the attempt to preach another sermon, if I cannot do so without passing the ordeal I did on that occasion.

I come now to the main object of this letter, which is to ask, what I have experienced Spirit-control? and if so, why should my mouth be closed while endeavoring to preach the Gospel to my fellow-men? Again, admitting this to be the fact, ought I to submit to such control as this, in so far as I have the strength to resist its severe and strange power? The truth is, I have little fellowship so much that I have seen called Spirit-influence. It is of a strange character, indeed! It is to me even more than strange that Spirits of the spheres can do the work many now believe comes from Heaven.

One thing is to me rationally clear—that much, very much that comes through that supposed channel, is scarcely worthy of the imperfections of earth; and of the little I have seen (it is very little, it is true) there is still less that bears to me the evidence and the impress of truth.

It were, indeed, a great and consoling truth, that Spirits have power on earth! There is surely nothing greater and more satisfying to the burdened and almost despairing spirit; and oh! could it come as we could wish to behold it, then indeed would I gladly welcome it to my embracement!

For my own part, if it be indeed true that Spirits have power on the human system, and one so feeble and obscure as myself has been chosen as an instrument of Spirit-intercourse to the race, I am willing even to suffer still more if need be, in order to fulfill the will and the desire of heaven! But I cannot now dwell on this theme. I feel that my own strength now avails me little, and that a strange era indeed has now dawned upon the world! My prayer is, that heaven may grant me strength to still live for the Race, and labor and suffer, if need be, for sinful and imperfect man!

LITTLE FALLS, May 15, 1855.

B. S. NOMAS.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent indeed has our sympathies in his vexations, but we cannot now answer his queries more specifically than to say that he has an inward monitor which if deeply, sincerely, prayerfully consulted, will doubtless afford him the light which he needs. His case certainly bears strong marks of Spirit interposition, but whether the Spirit that would *compel* him to act contrary to his own sense of propriety, is one which should be resisted or submitted to, is a matter of which he is the proper judge. We can not doubt, however, that the compulsory exercises of which he speaks, are permitted in his experience for some good end connected with his future usefulness; and perhaps if our brother will institute a somewhat thorough self-revision, he may discover at once the origin of the difficulty and the means of its removal. But let him be careful not to resist that which, judged by its fruits, may prove the inspiration of Heaven.

F.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

BY A SPIRIT.

When the life which animals possess passes from them, it is not again embodied in distinct form, as the soul of man is; but is diffused throughout the universe, and is no more used as animating life. It is now fitted for supporting the life of Spirits. To mankind this seems strange, but it is true. Were it not for this diffused animal life, the Spirit-world could not be sustained; for all of the lower spheres receive nourishment from it. But it is not so with the higher spheres, for there life is sustained by the more refined emanations of the vegetable kingdom. Were it not so, we must soon cease to exist, for all life is sustained by life, and without such sustenance no life can long be preserved.

